A POWER COMIC

A HULK T-SHIRT FOR EVERYONE—SEE INSIDE!

SMASH!

No.64
22nd APR.1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

THE PENGUIN IS AT POLICE H.Q.—WITH A COMPLAINT...

SKIP THE SERMON; BATMAN! JUST SEE THAT MY TRUCKLOAD OF LOOT --ER, I MEAN PROPERTY---IS RETURNED TO ME--

© National Periodical Publications, Inc, 1966 ®

--OR I'LL MAKE A LAUGHING STOCK OF THIS ENTIRE DEPARTMENT!

THE SHAME OF IT! TO BE THREATENED BY THE LIKES OF HIM!

I'D LIKE TO BUST THAT BIRD IN THE BEAK!

EASY, CHUM!

NOW, PENGUIN, EXACTLY WHO HIJACKED YOUR TRUCKLOAD OF FORTUNE *COOKIES?

A BEARDED CHARACTER WEARING AN OUTLANDISH COSTUME--AND A SKULL AND CROSSBONES ON HIS HAT!

HOLY LONG JOHN SILVER!

* WE KNOW YOU KNOW BUT IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, BISCUITS ARE ... CALLED COOKIES" STATESIDE. ALF.

NEXT YOU'LL TELL US HE HAD A PEG-LEG AND A HOOK INSTEAD OF A HAND!

HE DID INDEED, BOY WONDER! THE BOUNDER WAS EVERY INCH AN AUTHENTIC PIRATE!

WHO'D BELIEVE THAT RUBBISH?

THE DAYS OF PIRACY ARE PAST!

THAT'S A FAIRLY PHONY STORY, PENGUIN!

PIRATES SIMPLY DON'T EXIST ANYMORE!

'TIS STORY-BOOK STUFF!

GREAT GRACKLE!

Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.

THE TROUBLE WITH BEING A WELL-KNOWN CROOK LIKE ME IS THAT NOBODY EVER BELIEVES YOU!

BUT WHAT'S THIS ON THE GOTHAM RIVER? A GRIMY GALLEON LEFT OVER FROM THE 1898 GOTHAM CITY WORLD'S FAIR...

AVAST THERE! SHIVER MY TIMBERS! BELAY THE STARBOARD SCUTTLEBUTT!

PIECES OF TEN! AWKK! PIECES OF TEN!

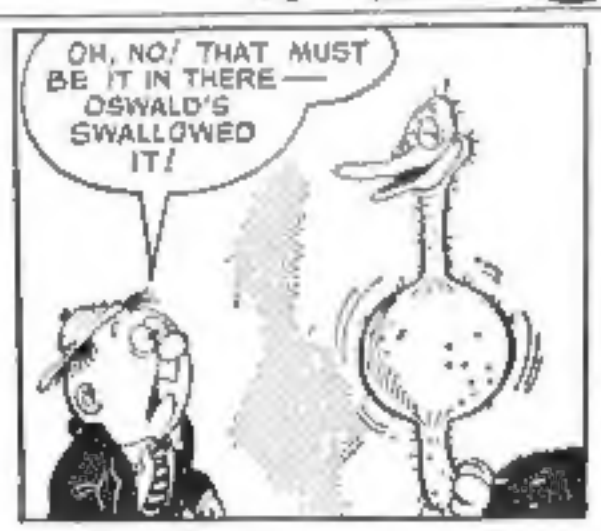
FLIP THE PAGE TO PORT—AND CARRY ON READING...

© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

THE OTHER 299 BOXES ARE STOWED IN THE HOLD!
HOHOHOHO! THEY'LL FETCH A PRETTY PENNY IN HONG KONG--OR MY NAME ISN'T JOLLY ROGER!
PIECES OF TEN! AWKK! PIECES OF TEN!
FORTUNE COOKIES FAT LIP CHINESE BAKERY
COULDN'T WE OPEN JUST ONE BOX, J.R.? I'D LOVE TO GET MY FORTUNE TOLD!
BELAY THAT TALK, MISS MORGAN! NOBODY EATS THESE FORTUNE COOKIES!
AWKK! PIECES OF TEN!
--AND I'LL SCUTTLE THE FIRST MAN WHAT TRIES!
I'M A--GULP!--GIRL, J.R.!--AND I DON'T REALLY BELIEVE IN FORTUNE COOKIES ANYWAY!
AWWK!
SINCE YOU CHOOSE NOT TO BELIEVE MY PIRATE STORY, I BID YOU GOOD DAY!
GOOD RIDDANCE!
--AND DON'T HURRY BACK, YOU BALEFUL BIRD!
JUST A MOMENT, PENGUIN!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
FOR WHAT?!? YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT I'M INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY!
BUT YOU ARE GUILTY!
I QUOTE SECTION 8, PARAGRAPH 4F, GOTHAM CITY MUNICIPAL CODE... "IT IS UNLAWFUL TO SMOKE IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER!"
THAT SHOULD HOLD YOU UNTIL WE SEE IF YOU'RE GUILTY OF ANYTHING WORSE!
ZOUNDS! HOIST BY MY OWN HABIT!
MEANWHILE YOU'D BETTER GIVE THE COMMISSIONER A RESTORATIVE!
WE'LL KEEP IN TOUCH, CHIEF O'HARA!
SURE, BATMAN! A CUP OF CLEAR BROTH, PERHAPS...
PENGUIN... FORTUNE COOKIES ...PIRATES... WHAT NEXT?
WHY WOULD PENGUIN SWIPE A TRUCKLOAD OF FORTUNE COOKIES WORTH AT MOST A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS, BATMAN?
HARDLY HIS TYPE OF LOOT, CHUM!
MAYBE WE CAN GET THE ANSWER FROM FAT LIP, THE INSCRUTABLE CHINESE BAKER WHO COOKED THE COOKIES!
GOOD THINKING, ROBIN!
WHY SO GLUM CHUM?
WELL, HOLY KINDERGARTEN, BATMAN, IT'S KID STUFF TO BE TRACKING A LOAD OF STOLEN FORTUNE COOKIES!
NOT IF YOU REMEMBER YOUR ANCIENT HISTORY, ROBIN! WHAT STARTED THE TROJAN WAR?
BOB KANE
A GUY NAMED PARIS RAN OFF WITH A GIRL NAMED HELEN! BUT WHAT--?
IT JUST PROVES THAT EVEN ONE STOLEN COOKIE CAN CAUSE ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE!
YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT, BATMAN — SO WATCH OUT FOR TROUBLE NEXT WEEK!

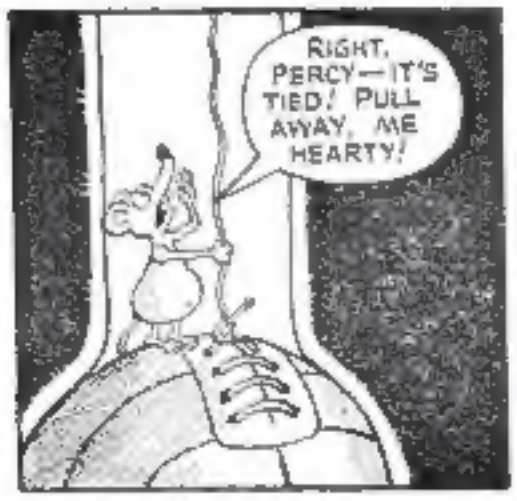
Percy's Pets

WHERE'S MY BLINKING FOOTBALL? IT WAS HERE ONLY THIS MORNING!


OH, NO! THAT MUST BE IT IN THERE — OSWALD'S SWALLOWED IT!

ONLY ONE THING FOR IT— YOU'LL HAVE TO NIP DOWN AND TIE THE STRING TO THE LACE, MICKY, SO I CAN PULL IT OUT!
WHAT A CHEEK!

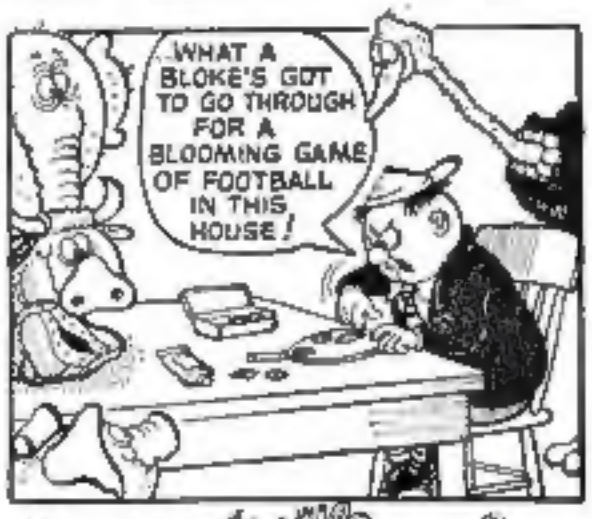
COO! IT'S DARK IN HERE!
GULP!


RIGHT, PERCY — IT'S TIED! PULL AWAY, ME HEARTY!

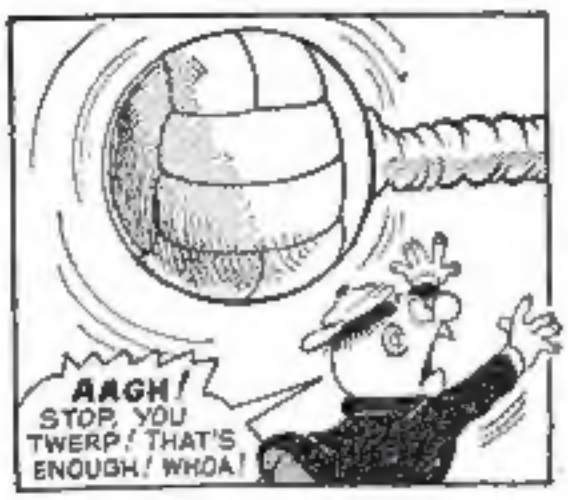
POP!
YAHOO! WE DID IT, PERCY!

OOER! WE'VE LANDED ON HARRY HEDGE-HOG!

PERCY ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS AT ALL!
SSSS!
SSSSSS!


WHAT A BLOKE'S GOT TO GO THROUGH FOR A BLOOMING GAME OF FOOTBALL IN THIS HOUSE!

NEVER MIND — JUMBO WILL SOON HAVE IT BLOWN UP FOR YOU, PERCY!


AAGH! STOP, YOU TWERP! THAT'S ENOUGH! WHOA!

BANG!
OH, NO! BANG GOES MY FOOT-BALL!

DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT AGAIN! I GIVE UP!
?
?

I'LL COME QUIETLY! SOB!
COD! A BURGLAR! HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT THAT BANG WAS FROM A GUN!

AND SO...
THERE'S A REWARD FOR THIS LAD, PERCY — COME ALONG LATER AND GET IT!
I THINK I'M ON THE WRONG PAGE — THIS IS LIKE RONNIE RICH! YAHOO!

WELL, HE'S HAPPY NOW — HE BOUGHT A NEW FOOTBALL WITH THE REWARD MONEY!
YEAH! DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'D DO WITHOUT US!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

MEET THE TOWN'S MOST MISERABLE DAD, HE'S ALWAYS GOT MONEY TROUBLE - WELL, A SPECIAL KIND OF MONEY TROUBLE, THAT IS...

FIRST, THERE IS HIS DAUGHTER - ER - PENNY! SHE LEADS HIM A TERRIBLE LIFE!

THEN THERE ARE THE COPPERS WHO COME TO COMPLAIN...

THUMP!

BANG!

AND THEN DAD BECOMES AN-ER-TANNER! TANNING PENNY'S HIDE...

GRRR!

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

WAH! OOH! AGH!

GRR! THOSE SLIPPERS HAVE GOT TO GO - BUT IT'S GOING TO BE HARD. DAD WEARS THEM ALL THE TIME IN THE HOUSE!

HEH! HEH! GOODY! DAD'S HAVING FORTY WINKS. IT WILL ONLY TAKE ME TWENTY TO GET THOSE SLIPPERS!

SNORE!

TIP-TOE

SNORE!

BRILLIANT, EH? NOW I'LL JUST LIFT HIS SLIPPERS OFF! SNIGGER!

???

SUCK!

OH, NO! HIS SHARP TEETH HAVE BURST THE BALLOONS!

POP!

BANG! BANG!

H-HELP! W-HAT WAS THAT?

GRR! CAN'T YOU LEAVE A BLOKE IN PEACE FOR A MOMENT?

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

BAH! WHY CAN'T HE SLEEP WITH HIS MOUTH SHUT? BAH!

LATER...

NO MORE BALLOONS FOR ME!

SMF 875

ZZZZ!

HEH! HEH! THIS CAR JACK'S ALL RIGHT, IT CAN'T BURST!

IT'S REALLY QUITE EASY WHEN YOU'VE GOT A BRILLIANT MIND LIKE MINE!

CRUMP!

SNAP!

GRRR!

WHACK!

WHACK! WHACK!

YOU HAVE TO BE AS SILENT AS A MOUSE TO GET PAST DAD! SIGH!

COO! MICE! THAT'S AN IDEA!

AND SO...

LEFT, RIGHT! LEFT, RIGHT! CHESTS OUT - STOMACHS IN! LEFT, RIGHT!

MM! SLIPPER SOUFFLÉ! DELICIOUS!

MUNCH!

SLIPPER FOR SUPPER! OH, BOY!

CHOMP!

MUNCH!

HUH! SLIPPERS ARE ALL RIGHT, BUT I LIKE A BIT OF MEAT!

BITE!

THROB!

YARDO! OOH! OOH!

OH, NO! WHO DID THAT?

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

THERE MUST BE EASIER WAYS! SIGH!

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM, JOIN THEM! I'VE BOUGHT DAD SOME MORE SLIPPERS!

HEH! HEH! BANANA SKIN SLIPPERS!

MUCH, MUCH LATER...

GRRR! GRRR!

HEH! HEH! DAD'S IN NO CONDITION TO SLIPPER ANYBODY NOW!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

ON SINISTER COUNT ARENA'S MACABRE ISLAND, **RUBBERMAN** AND A TRAPEZE STAR, ALONZO, COMPETE IN A CHARIOT RACE AGAINST AN INDIAN FAKIR ... WITH DEATH AS THE REWARD FOR FALURE ...

THE FAKIR'S TRIUMPHANT CRY RINGS ACROSS THE HUGE ARENA ...

I HAVE WON! YOU PROMISED THAT ONLY THE LOSERS WOULD DIE. AND *THEY* HAVE LOST!

YOU ARE WRONG! A MIND SUCH AS MINE CAN PRODUCE A FATE MUCH MORE COLOURFUL THAN *DROWNING*, MY FRIEND!

THE EVIL COUNT, SELF-STYLED KING OF SHOWMEN, SMILES WITH CRUEL PLEASURE ....

AND DIE THEY SHALL!

DO WE START SHOOTING, COUNT?

NO! I WOULD PREFER THAT A PERSON SO REMARKABLE AS *RUBBERMAN* SHOULD PERISH BY SOMETHING MORE *IMAGINATIVE* THAN EXPLOSIVE BULLETS!

FLOOD THE ARENA!

AND A MOMENT LATER...

YOU HEARD HIM! HE'S GOING TO DROWN US ..... *UUUHHHHH!*

ALLIGATORS!

THAT'S RIGHT, RUBBERMAN! AND THE CAGE DOOR IS WORKED BY PRESSURE. IN OTHER WORDS, *THE HIGHER* THE LEVEL OF THE WATER GROWS ... *THE MORE* THE DOOR OPENS!

ALONZO'S HORRIFIED EYES MOVE FROM THE KILLER-REPTILES TO THE COUNT'S GRINNING RIFLEMAN.....

IF WE TRY TO CLIMB OUT, THEY'LL OPEN FIRE ON US — *WITH BULLETS THAT EXPLODE ON IMPACT!* NOT EVEN YOU CAN SURVIVE THAT, RUBBERMAN!

THERE **IS** A WAY OUT, ALONZO. BUT THE JET OF WATER IS TOO POWERFUL FOR US TO EVEN GET *NEAR* IT!

SUDDENLY, RUBBERMAN SEIZES UPON A DESPERATE IDEA...

BUT PERHAPS THERE *IS* A CHANCE! DIVE WITH ME, ALONZO — AND KEEP A TIGHT HOLD ON ME!

ANOTHER FEW INCHES AND THE ALLIGATORS WILL BE FREE, MY DOOMED FRIENDS!

BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE FLOODED ARENA RUBBERMAN CALLS UPON HIS ASTONISHING POWERS...

THIS HAS **GOT** TO WORK! IT'S THE ONLY THING I CAN THINK OF WHICH KEEPS US OUT OF RANGE OF THOSE EXPLOSIVE BULLETS!

ABRUPTLY, THE SMILE FADES FROM THE FACE OF THE EVIL COUNT...

HE'S UP TO SOME TRICK! NEVER MIND WAITING FOR THE ALLIGATORS! START SHOOTING!

JUST... STRETCH MYSELF.... A LITTLE MORE..!

BUT THE DEADLY BULLETS DO NOT REACH THEIR TARGETS...

HE FOOLED ME! BECAUSE THE BULLETS ARE MADE TO DETONATE ON *IMPACT*, THEY ARE EXPLODING AS SOON AS THEY HIT THE WATER!

READY FOR THE COUNT-DOWN! FIVE... FOUR.. THREE..

THEN...

THREE... TWO.. ONE... *BLAST OFF!*

CATAPULTED BY THE TREMENDOUS FORCE OF HIS RUBBER MUSCLES, RUBBERMAN HURTLES THROUGH THE WATER VENT...

IT WORKED! I'M MOVING WITH MORE FORCE THAN THE WATER! AND WE'RE THROUGH..!

NOW TO CLOSE THE DOOR... THAT SHOULD IMMEDIATELY STOP THE PRESSURE OF THE WATER!

NOW WE JUST KEEP GOING! AND KEEP OUR FINGERS CROSSED THAT IT WON'T HAVE TO BE FOR LONG!

I.. I CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH MUCH... LONGER!

THEY..THEY'VE GOT AWAY, BOSS!

BEHIND THEM, ALL IS PANDEMONIUM...

FOOL! DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW THAT! GET ME THE WALKIE-TALKIE! *HURRY!*

WE KNOW WHERE THAT WATER SHAFT LEADS TO. WE SHALL SEE THAT THEY EMERGE TO *A FITTING RECEPTION!*

CLICK!

AT LAST, THE TWO FUGITIVES SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY...

WE'VE MADE IT, ALONZO! WE'VE REACHED THE OPEN AIR!

BUT... WHAT DO WE DO **NOW**!

WHAT AWAITS RUBBERMAN NOW? YOU CAN BET THAT THE COUNT IS TAKING NO CHANCES – SO DON'T RISK MISSING OUT ON THE EXPLOSIVE ACTION NEXT WEEK!

WHAT A FREE GIFT!
WHAT A CAST!
WHAT A PAPER!

DOCTOR STRANGE

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THOR

GIANT MAN

WASP

IRON MAN

THE GREATEST SUPER-HEROES LINED UP AGAINST THE GREATEST SUPER-VILLAINS . . . AND PRESENTED WITH THE PULSATING POTENCY YOU EXPECT FROM A POWER COMIC BOOK

No. 2 ON SALE NOW!

MEET... Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

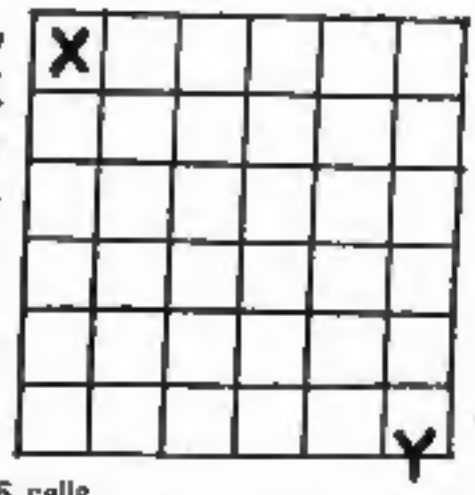
JAIL BREAK

I've had a lot of letters from an equal number of Know-alls who say that the answer to the Jail-Break Puzzle in Issue 52 was wrong.

Trouble is that they read only the answer and not the puzzle.

So for them—and all new members of the Power-Pack—here is the puzzle again.

Try and solve it before you look at the answer below. Okay?

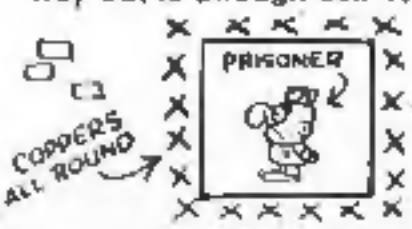


Here is a prison with 36 cells in it.

You are imprisoned in cell X and, of course, you want to get out. Not only that, but you want to release every other prisoner—so before you get out you must visit *every* cell *once*. And you cannot go back into any cell you have already visited except your own.

You can go out of any cell through any of the walls, but not through the corners.

And, of course, the only final way out is through cell Y.



If you can't solve that one, try this—and we're not printing the answer till next week.

The prisoner is in the middle of the jail—and there are coppers all the way round. How did he get out?

Thanks to Knowall Jeffrey Newman of Slough for this one.

*

Solution to Jail break puzzle . . .

The dotted line shows how to escape from "X" to "Y" visiting each cell only once.

MAGIC SUGAR

This is a good trick to play on your mate the next time you are having a cup of tea together. Hand him a pencil and tell him to write any letter of the alphabet he likes on a lump of sugar.

While he's doing this, give your thumb a crafty lick—then, taking the sugar lump from him, press your thumb hard against the letter. Do this quite naturally as you take the sugar from him.

Now drop the sugar into your tea and, grabbing his hand, hold it over the steaming cup MAKING SURE YOU PRESS YOUR THUMB ON HIS HAND.

Tell him that whatever letter he wrote on the sugar will rise up in the steam and print itself on his hand. Sure enough it will—exactly where your thumb was pressing. But your mate will never guess the trick.

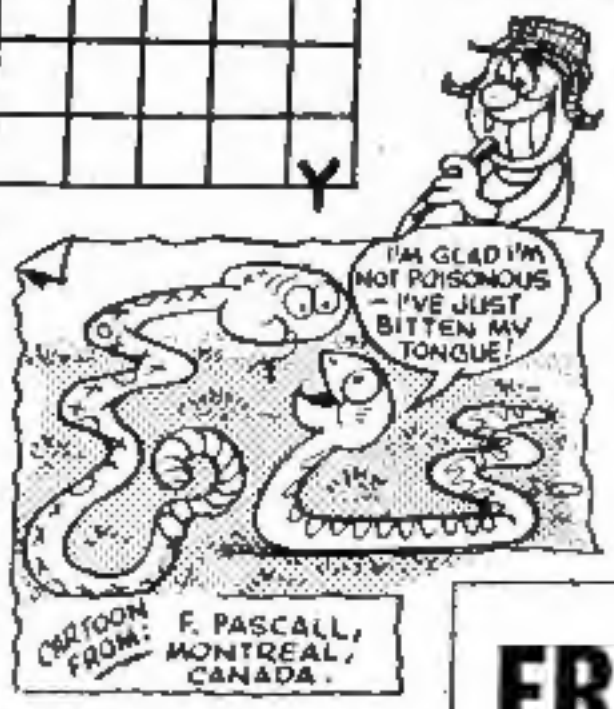
I don't like tongue twisters very much. Maybe I'm just not much good at them—but here's a trick that's a twister in more ways then one.

Say to your mate: "Imagine an Imaginary Menagerie Manager."

Now challenge him to say it correctly a dozen times.

When he's failed, bet him that you can say it a hundred times.

And off you go: "It . . . it . . . it . . . it . . . it . . ."

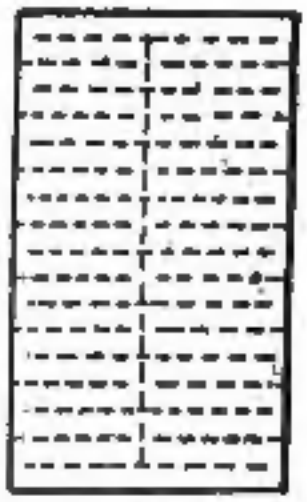


COLLARED

Hold up a postcard and tell everyone you are going to stick your head through it. I don't care what a Big Head you are—you can do it! How? . . .

1. Fold the postcard lengthways.
2. Cut slits alternately from the top and bottom (see the drawing), then
3. Cut along the line of the fold between your first slit and your last slit.

Now pull on the ends and you'll have a circle which will easily slip over your head.



£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FREE! STAMP COLLECTORS OUTFIT

Including:

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- Surprise packet of foreign stamps
- Stamp Album
- Transparent Envelopes
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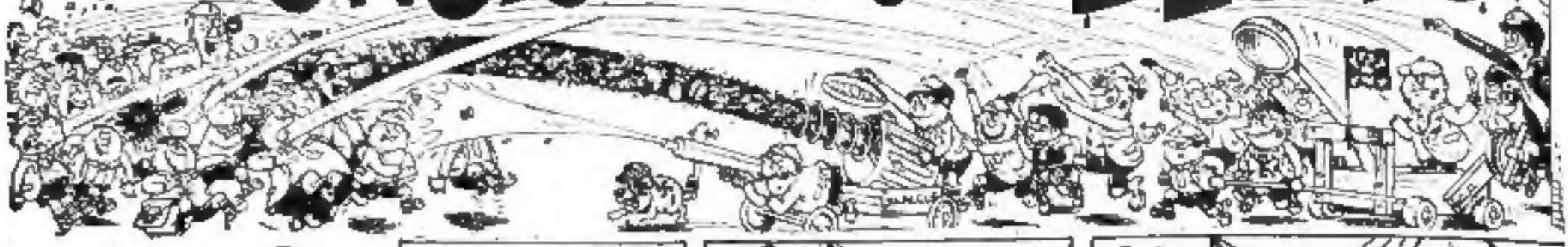
THE BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD. (Dept.PB), BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE.

The SWOTS and the BLOTS



PANT!
GRRR! I'M FED UP BEING BEATEN UP BY THOSE ROTTEN BLOTS! I'LL HAVE TO TOUGHEN MYSELF UP!
HOW'S THAT, EH? COMING ALONG NICELY!
YEAGH!
HEH! HEH!

GOSH! THOSE GALTS MUST BE PRETTY STRONG!
UG! UG! WALLA! WALLA! GRAA! GRAA! UG! UG!
SNARL-L-L!
G-GULP-L- LOOKS LIKE CYRIL'S DOING A WAR DANCE!

BANZAI!

AAGH! HE'S ATTACKING US!

BONK!

MERCY! CYRIL! MERCY!

WAA-AAH! HE'S AS STRONG AS AN OX!

HE'S GONE STARK RAVING BONKERS!

HO! HO, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY

GROR! IT WAS THOSE SMELLING SALTS THAT DID IT!

WE'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF THOSE SALTS! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST GAS WARFARE!

CLICK!

GOSH! I'D BETTER PUT THESE AWAY—THEY'RE TOO POWERFUL—THANK GOODNESS CYRIL WAS ON MY SIDE! SNIGGER!

?!?

FORWARD!

HEH! HEH! WE'LL BE UNBEATABLE WITH THIS STUFF!

OH, NO! PUT IT BACK!

SWISH!

AAGH! TEACHER HAS BEEN POLISHING HIS CRANIUM AGAIN! IT'S LIKE A BLOOMING ICE RINK!

CR-RASH!

THE SALTS HAVE GONE THROUGH THE WINDOW!

AAGH! WE'VE LOST OUR NEW WEAPON!

HALLO! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM? SNIFF! SNIFF!

CRASH!

YEOW! I FEEL AS STRONG AS AN OX!

OH, WELL! BETTER THE BOTTLE GETS BROKEN THAN THE *BLOTS* GET HOLD OF IT!

WHAT A WASTE! WE COULD HAVE THUMPED THE BLOTS WITH THAT STUFF!

HELP! HELP!

WE'D HAVE BEEN UNBEATABLE! WE COULD HAVE HAVE CRUSHED THOSE SWOTS!

BUY SMASH WHAM POW AND

FANTASTIC. IT'S FANTASTIC!

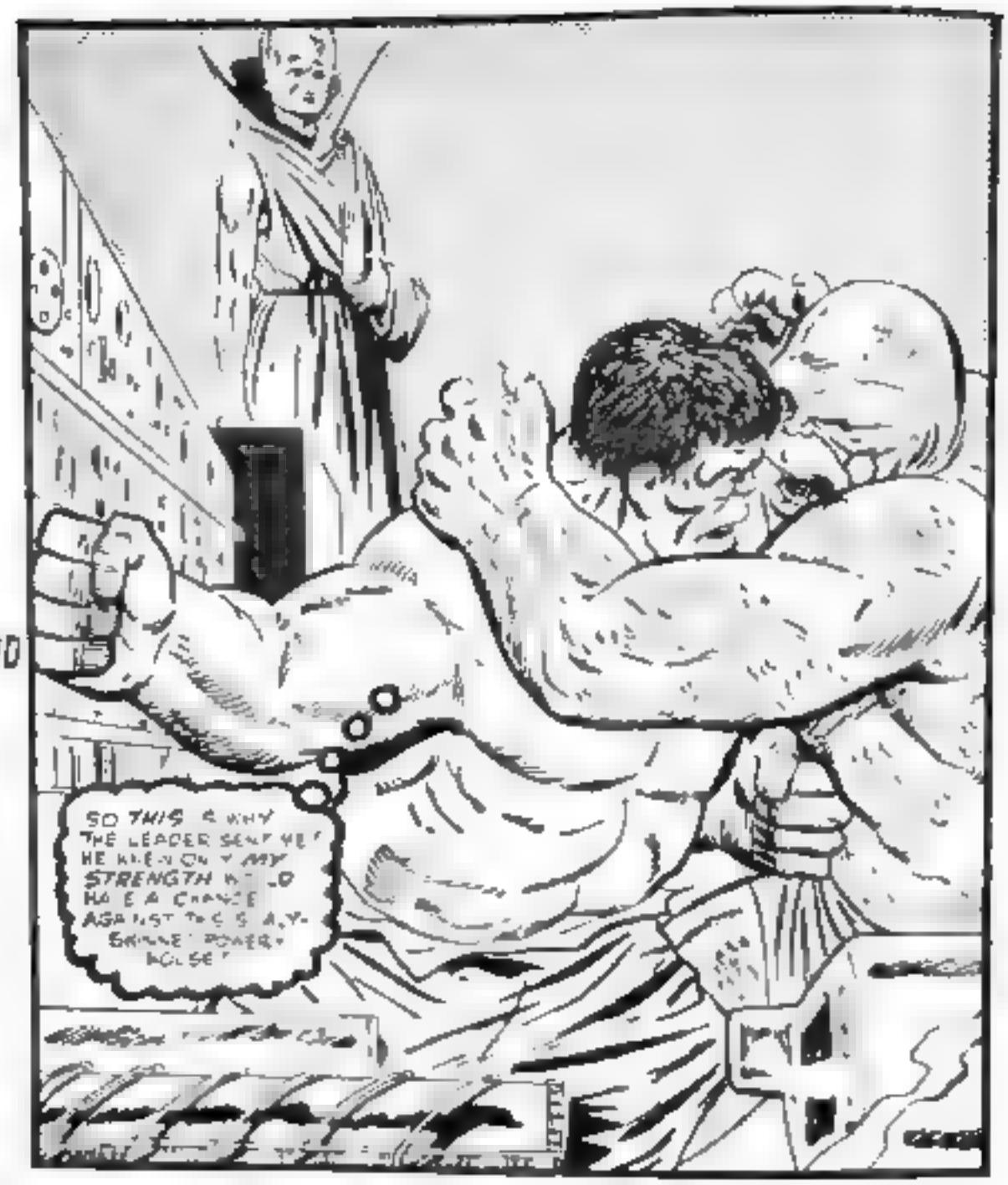
HEH! HEH! DANGER MOUSE HAS GOT NOTHING ON ME!

VACANCIES FOR BOYS AT ST. DOMINIC'S SIGNED: LOLL

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"THE WISDOM OF The WATCHER!"

THE EVIL *LEADER* HAS SENT G... GREEN SKIN TO THE HOME PLANET OF THE *WATCHER*, BY MEANS OF THOUGHT PATTERN PROJECTION PLEASE TO BRING BACK THE WATCHER'S GREATEST SCIENTIFIC TREASURE BUT ANOTHER CREATURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD HAS THE SAME OBJECTIVE AND SO THE INCREDIBLE *HULK* FINDS HIMSELF BATTLING THE MOST POWERFUL FIGHTER IN THE KNOWN GALAXY...

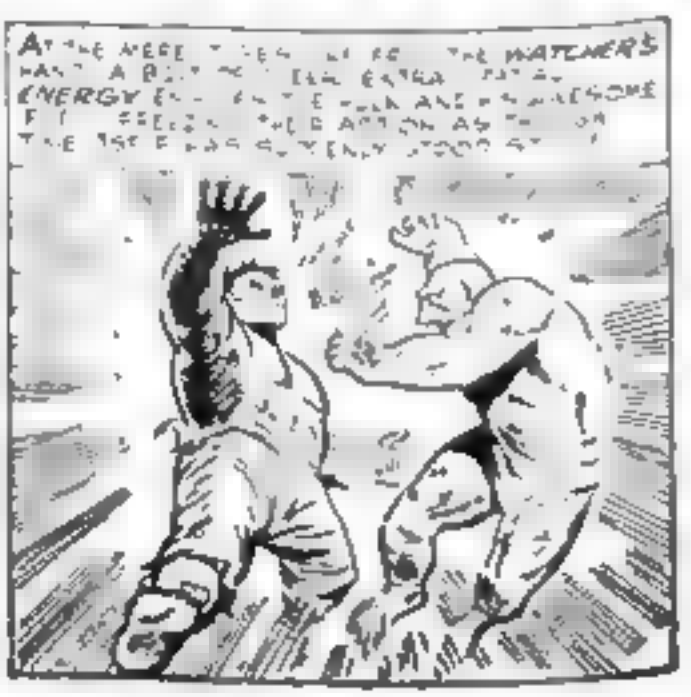


I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE, WHERE YOU'RE FROM... I CAN LICK ANYTHING ON EARTH... AND ANYTHING *OFF* IT, TOO!
I AM THE CHAMPION OF MY ENTIRE *WORLD*! YOU'VE NEVER FOUGHT ANYONE AS STRONG AS *ME* BEFORE!
THE *WATCHER* MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO LET US UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER'S LANGUAGE! REAL DEAL! I BELIEVE IN *ACTION*... NOT TALK!
THOK!
NO ONE EVER BEATS BACK FROM ONE OF *MY* PUNCHES LIKE THAT BEFORE! THIS SKY-SKIN IS STRONG AS HE SAYS!
MY PEOPLE HAVE *BRED* ME FOR BATTLE! I AM ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE WINDS OF ANDROMEDA, THE STORMS OF SATURN, THE PLANET SHAKING CATACLYSMS OF THE MILKY WAY!
AND *NOW* YOU'RE GONNA BE POWERIZED BY THE BONE-CRUSHIN' PUNCHES OF THE *HULK*!

Reg T M & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

MEANWHILE, DEEP WITHIN SPACE, THE OMNISCIENT *WATCHER* OBSERVES EVERY MOVE RECORDS EVERY SOUND
I AM PLEDGED NEVER TO INTERFERE WITH ANOTHERS BATTLES! I MAY ONLY ACT IN ORDER TO PRESERVE MY OWN SAFETY...

AND YET IF MY SCIENTIFIC DEVICES ARE SMASHED IN THE STRUGGLE THEN MY *OWN* POWERS MAY BE CURTAILED!
THUS IT IS MY DUTY TO *TRANSFER* THE CUBISTACLES TO ANOTHER AREA WHERE THEY CAN BE DEALT WITH BY *THEMSELVES*!


AT THE MERE THOUGHT THE *WATCHERS* HAND A BLUR OF ELECTRONIC *ENERGY* EMITS A FLASH AND A WHOOSH FOLLOWED BY A SILENCE AS THE ACTION AS THE *WATCHER* SILENTLY STOOD BY!

AND WHEN THE AURA FINALLY FADES THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN A STRANGE AND BARREN PLACE ...SEEMINGLY REMOVED FROM ANYTHING THAT LIVES ...TOTALLY ALONE ...EXCEPT FOR THE UNSEEN EYES OF...THE *WATCHER!*

LOOKS LIKE THE WATCHER PUT US IN A LONELY SPOT SO NOBODY WILL *HEAR* IT WHEN YOU CALL FOR HELP

WHEN SPREAD IN THE GALAXY THAT THE CREATURES OF *EARTH* FEEL THEY ARE SUPERIOR TO ALL YOU ARE THE LIVING *PROOF* OF THAT ...BE IF ... HARDY ONE

BUT NOW AT THIS PARTICULAR MOMENT IN ETERNITY, I SHALL *SHATTER* THAT LEGEND BY SMASHING YOU INTO TOTAL *LIFELESSNESS!*

EVEN THOUGH YOU MASKED IT WITH A LOT OF BIG WORDS THAT WAS STILL A *THREAT!* AND THE HULK DON'T *LIKE* THREATS!

IT'S *UNCANNY!* EVEN THOUGH I HAVE THE BRAIN OF BRUCE BANNER ONCE AGAIN I FIND MYSELF *THINKING* LIKE *THE HULK!*

IT'S AS THOUGH THE *SAVAGE* PART OF ME IS TAKING CONTROL! I REVEL IN BATTLE, I LONG FOR THE EXCITEMENT OF COMBAT I GLORY IN POSSESSING THE POWER OF THE *HULK!*

NOW TO *END* THIS BATTLE AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD BEGUN! TIME IS TOO *VALUABLE* TO WASTE ANY MORE OF IT ON A PITIFULLY EARTHLING!

WHOOM!

THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN DO ..

...FORGET IT!

WHAT MANNER OF BEING IS HE? THERE SEEMS TO BE NO *LIMIT* TO HIS STRENGTH! IT TOOK COUNTLESS *AGES* TO BREED ONE AS MIGHTY AS I! BUT EARTH IS TOO *YOUNG* A PLANET! HOW WAS THE *HULK* CREATED?

YOUR STRENGTH SEEMS TO ACTUALLY EQUAL MY *OWN* HERE ON LAND. BUT I WAS GIVEN THE POWER TO BE EQUALLY DESTRUCTIVE BENEATH THE *WATER!*

IT IS PLAIN TO SEE THAT YOU ARE *NOT* AMPHIBIOUS. THEREFORE THE ADVANTAGE SHALL NOW BE *MINE!*

SURE, UNTIL I GET MY *HANDS* ON YOU!

NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU MOCK ME! BENEATH THE SEA I AM *SUPREME!* SOON, THE TREASURES OF THE WATCHER SHALL BE *MINE!*

MAYBE I AIN'T AN *AMPHIBIAN*, BUT I CAN HOLD MY BREATH FOR *HOURS* UNDER WATER, BECAUSE MY *LUNGS* ARE AS STRONG AS THE REST OF ME!

SO, AS LONG AS HE EXPECTS TO BEAT ME BY *DROWNING* ME, HE'S IN FOR A REAL BIG SURPRISE!

HEY! THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME KINDA GIANT *CLAM!* JUST THE THING TO SLOW THAT LIVIN' LIZARD DOWN!

I SEE YOU *CAN* REMAIN UNDER WATER WITHOUT SUFFOCATING!

BUT STILL YOUR STRENGTH CANNOT MATCH *MINE* IN THIS WATERY WORLD!

UGNHHH! -- NOW TO - BLAST IT! HE WAS TOO FAST FOR ME! HE'S A REGULAR OUTER-SPACE SUB-MARINER!

EVEN IF YOU HAD TRAPPED ME WITH THAT HUNGRY SHELL, IT WOULD HAVE DONE YOU NO GOOD! I COULD BREAK AWAY FROM IT WITH EASE!

AND SOMETHIN TELLS ME HE AIN'T KIDDING!

MY RACE HAS LONGED TO POSSESS THE TREASURES OF THE WATCHER FOR AEONS! WE WILL NOT BE CHEATED OF THEM NOW -- NOT BY A BRAINLESS, MUSCLE-BOUND FREAK FROM EARTH!

ONLY I HAVE THE ABILITY TO ATTACK UNDER THE SEA WITHOUT BEING HAMPERED BY THE BONE-CRUSHING WATER PRESSURE!

I CAN'T MOVE NEARLY AS FAST AS HE CAN IN THIS PEA SOUP! AS LONG AS WE'RE DOWN HERE, HE DOES HAVE THE EDGE ALL [redacted]!

THERE! THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR YOU, HULK!

EVEN YOUR BRUTISH STRENGTH CAN'T SAVE YOU NOW! YOU'LL REMAIN PINNED DOWN THERE UNTIL YOU CAN HOLD YOUR BREATH NO LONGER!

FOR NO MATTER HOW STRONG YOUR LUNGS ARE EVEN THEY MUST HAVE THEIR LIMIT!

HE'S RIGHT! I CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! SOONER OR LATER MY BREATH'LL GIVE OUT!

EVEN IF BY SOME MIRACLE, YOU SHOULD FREE YOURSELF, IT WILL BE TOO LATE TO STOP ME FROM MAKING OFF WITH THE PRIZE -- THE WATCHER'S GREATEST TREASURE!

THEY'LL SING OF MY VICTORY FOR AS LONG AS THE GALAXY ENDURES - LONG AFTER EARTH'S NO MORE THAN A HALF-FORGOTTEN MEMORY!

I DON'T CARE TWO PINS ABOUT EARTH, OR VICTORY, OR WHO IN BLAZES THEY SING ABOUT! BUT NOBODY'S GETTIN THE BEST OF THE HULK!

THE PART OF ME THAT'S STILL BRUCE BANNER AIN'T GONNA MEET HIS FINISH IN SOME FORSAKEN MUDHOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE! NOT IF THE HULK CAN HELP IT!

AND, ON THE SURFACE ...

NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW! THE WATCHER IS FORBIDDEN TO INTERFERE WITH OTHER LIVING BEINGS SO I CAN LOOT HIS TREASURES AT WILL!

SHOW YOURSELF, WATCHER! I KNOW YOU'RE THERE! I KNOW YOU'VE SEEN MY VICTORY NOW I'VE COME TO CLAIM MY SPOILS!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE ENTIRE LAKE SEEMS TO ERUPT WITH A THUNDEROUS, EAR-SPLITTING ROAR

RROOOOOM!!

WHAT WAS THAT???

SO POWERFUL IS THE ONRUSHING TORRENT OF WATER, THAT IT HURLS THE STARTLED LIZARD-LIKE CREATURE AGAINST THE STONE HILLS WITH THE FORCE OF A THOUSAND TORNADOES!

UNHHHH! IT CAN'T BE THE WORK OF THE *WATCHER*! BUT THEN ..*WHO*???

AND A SPLIT-SECOND LATER HE LEARNS THE INCREDIBLE ANSWER ..

THE *HULK!!*

HE'S RIPPING APART THE VERY PIECE OF GROUND BENEATH ME!

KRAK!

KRAK!

THEN BEFORE THE STARTLED SHAPEN ALIEN CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE

YOU DID YOUR *WORST*, AND YOU WEREN'T ABLE TO STOP ME

SO NOW IT'S THE *HULK'S* TURN!

SEE WHAT I MEAN???

I PUT ENOUGH MUSCLE INTO THAT TOSS TO KEEP 'IM TRAVELLING FOR *DAYS!*

BUT BEFORE HE CAN ZOOM ANY FURTHER FROM THE WATCHER'S PLANET BOTH THE LIZARD CREATURE AND THE SLAB OF ROCK TO WHICH HE CLINGS, *VANISH* IN MID AIR!

FFFT!

WHAT *HAPPENED* TO M? I DIDN'T THROW HIM *THAT* HARD!

NO BUT IT WAS HARD ENOUGH TO CONVINCE ME THAT *YOU* WERE THE VICTOR!

THUS SINCE THE BATTLE HAS ENDED I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF SENDING HIM FORTHWITH BACK TO HIS OWN PLANET!

THE *WATCHER'S* VOICE

I NEVER SAW ANYTHING I COULDN'T *BEAT*, EITHER ON THE EARTH OR OFF IT! I NEVER SAW ANYONE I DON'T WANNA TACKLE AND FIGHT TO THE FINISH WITH! BUT *YOU* .. WHAT'S IT THAT'S SO DIFFERENT ABOUT *YOU*??

I AM THE *WATCHER*! THAT IS *ENOUGH*! THAT ANSWERS ALL!

BUT I CAME HERE TO *GET* SOMETHING! AND I CAN'T EVEN LET *YOU* STOP ME! UNTIL I BRING IT BACK TO HIM, I'LL NEVER BE FREE OF THE *LEADER!*

EXPLANATIONS ARE NOT NECESSARY! I SEE ALL! I KNOW ALL! I SHALL NOT INTERFERE WITH YOUR QUEST! DO WHAT YOU MUST!

IN FACT I SHALL MAKE YOUR TASK *SIMPLER*! I CANNOT TOLERATE ALIEN PRESENCES NEAR ME FOR TOO LONG A PERIOD OF TIME! SO, COMPLETE YOUR MISSION AND *BEGONE*!

HE BROUGHT ME TO THIS HALL .. WHERE HE KEEPS HIS SCIENTIFIC TREASURE .. IN THE WINK OF AN EYE! IT'S LIKE ALL HE HAS TO DO IS *THINK* OF SOMETHING [redacted] IT *HAPPENS*!

I CAN GUESS WHAT YOU ARE THINKING NO. I AM *NOT* ALL-POWERFUL! THE SEEMING MIRACLES I ACCOMPLISH ARE DONE THROUGH MASTERY OF A SCIENCE WHICH NO HUMAN BRAIN CAN EVEN REMOTELY COMPREHEND!

AND THEN THE MENTAL IMAGE OF THE SUPER-BRAINED *LEADER* SEEMS TO WHISPER IN THE HULK'S SUB CONSCIOUS ACROSS A VOID OF COUNTLESS LIGHT YEARS ..

THE SUPREME MOMENT HAS COME! I CAN SEE WHAT YOU ARE SEEING BY MENTALLY VIEWING ALL THROUGH YOUR OWN EYES

YOU MUST SELECT ONLY THE ONE OBJECT I COMMAND YOU TO SELECT THE ONE I VALUE ABOVE ALL ELSE

THERE! THAT RADIANT SPHERE HANGING IN THE AIR! *THAT* IS THE ONE I MUST HAVE!

TAKE IT, YOU LUMBERING FOOL! IT MUST BE *MINE!*

ALTHOUGH I COULD CRUSH HIM WITH ONE FINGER, I *MUST* OBEY HIM... I OWE HIM MY *LIFE!**

BUT ONCE THIS IS DONE THE SLATE'LL BE WIPED CLEAN! AND THEN - *WATCH OUT!*

THIS IS WHAT I WANT AND THERE'S NO IFS OR BUTS ABOUT IT!

*AS WE EXPLAINED IN VIVID DETAIL LAST ISH, REMEMBER? COS

"MY *ULTIMATE MACHINE*" THE MOST POWERFUL MOST DANGEROUS DEVICE OF ALL!

I CAN TAKE NO CHANCES OF THE WATCHER *STOPPING* YOU! I'LL REVERSE THE MENTAL THOUGHT PATTERN PROCESS AND RETURN YOU TO EARTH *IMMEDIATELY!*

WE *MADE* IT! I'M FADING AWAY

BUT AS THE MIGHTY GREEN SKINNED GOLIATH MAKES HIS ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS TRANSFERENCE *ANOTHER* VOICE ECHOES IN HIS BRAIN A DEEPER MORE COMMANDING MORE OMINOUS VOICE

THE *LEADER* BELIEVES HE HAS BEATEN ME SO BE IT! I CHOOSE TO ALLOW HIM TO KEEP THAT BELIEF BUT THE FINAL GAMBIT HAS NOT YET BEEN PLAYED

THAT WAS THE *WATCHER!* WHAT DID HE *MEAN?* IT SOUNDED LIKE HE'S NOT *DONE* WITH US YET

YOU'RE *BACK!* WITH THE *ULTIMATE MACHINE!* I'VE WON! I'VE WON!

BRUCE BANNER WOULDA GIVEN HIS EYETEETH TO KNOW WHAT THIS THING *IS!* BUT ME ALL I WANNA DO IS GET *RID* OF IT .. AND THAT GOES FOR THE *LEADER*, TOO!

GIVE IT TO ME! IT MUST BE MINE! ONLY I AM FIT TO POSSESS IT!

MY BRAIN IS THE MOST BRILLIANT OF ALL THE HUMAN RACE JUST AS YOUR *BODY* IS THE MOST POWERFUL BUT ONCE I POSSESS *THIS*, EVEN YOUR BRUTE STRENGTH WILL BE OF NO FURTHER USE TO ME!

I'M GLAD YOU *SAID* THAT BECAUSE THIS *FINISHES* US! THE SCORE IS *EVEN* NOW!

WE'LL BE FINISHED WHEN I SAY SO NOT BEFORE! THE *ULTIMATE MACHINE* MAKES EVERYTHING THAT LIVES MY *SLAVE!*

WITHIN THIS PRICELESS OBJECT IS RECORDED *ALL THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!*

AND ONCE THIS KNOWLEDGE IS MINE I'LL BE *SUPREME!* I'LL EVEN BE THE MASTER OF THE *WATCHER* HIMSELF!

NOW *STAND BACK!* MY MOMENT HAS COME!

I OUGHTTA *STOP* HIM! I OUGHTTA RIP THAT THING FROM OFF HIS HEAD AND *SMASH* IT BUT SOMETHING'S *STOPPING* ME!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING HULK BUT THE ULTIMATE MACHINE HAS THE POWER TO *PROTECT ITSELF!* EVEN *YOU* CAN'T POSSIBLY DAMAGE IT!

AT LAST! I CAN FEEL THE KNOWLEDGE TEEMING INTO MY BRAIN THE KNOWLEDGE OF A THOUSAND LONG DEAD CIVILIZATIONS A MILLION PLANETS A BILLION YEARS

BUT THEN...
NO!! NOT THAT! NO MORE! NO MORE!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO HIM SOMETHING TERRIBLE!
NO MORE!
HE'S SILENT! IT'S AS THOUGH SOMETHING DRAINED EVERY BIT OF LIFE OUT OF HIM!
IT HAPPENS SO QUICKLY AS TO STAGGER THE SENSES! ONE MINUTE THE LEAPER IS SHOUTING IN TRIUMPH, AND THE NEXT HIS RIGID FORM TOPPLES GROTESQUELY TO THE FLOOR
THEN, ONLY THE GUTTURAL VOICE OF THE MIGHTY HULK BREAKS THE GRIM DEEPENING SILENCE A VOICE WHICH MUTTERS,
HE'S DEAD!
NEVER HAVE BREATH-TAKING REVELATIONS COME AS FAST AND FURIOUSLY AS THOSE WHICH AWAIT YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE! WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN BEFORE IS MERELY A PRELUDE...A PRELUDE TO A NEW WORLD OF FANTASY WHICH IS ABOUT TO OPEN FOR THE HULK! BE HERE TO ENTER IT WITH HIM! 'NUFF SAID!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

AFFABLE ALF has done what he's been threatening to do for months—he's hidden his typewriter, packed his toothbrush and jetted off for a two-week holiday in Malaga! So, whilst Alf is out there soaking up the Spanish sunshine and doing nothing more energetic than mumbling an occasional "Ole" the most important job in the world (and by that we mean looking after the interests of all you frantic ones—natch!) is being handled with tender loving care by Cool-cat Cos and Big Bold Bart. What a responsibility!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We'd be failing in our duty if we didn't remind you all that in this week's TERRIFIC there's a little free something to remember it by. And there'll be another little something in the following issue. And if you're one of those who complains that you haven't been able to find a shop that hasn't sold out of TERRIFICS why hold out any longer! Do as we keep telling you to do about our mags—make it a regular order from your newsagent.

TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS . . .

Anthony Ward, Huyton, Leeds 15 Richard Craven Belfast Ireland A Gooding Heywood Lancs Patricia Moore Streatham London S W 16 Shaun Rumsey Mersham, Surrey Tony Sharp Harrogate Yorkshire Ian Price Wigan Lancs Paul Bloomer Saltburn-By-Sea Yorkshire Simon White Hertford Herts G Moffat Edinburgh, Scotland Terence O'Brien, Bracknell White Moss Michael Hooper Hull Yorkshire Alan Lewis Hatfield, Herts John Dilks Kilburn, N W 6 Peter Chorus Harlow, Essex Stephen Pearson, Deal, Kent. Matthew Hayes, Appleby Westmorland Nigel Horne, Lowestoft, Suffolk. Stephen Avery, Cheddar, Somerset Denis Blandford, Windsor, Berks.

D'ja know that in addition to his movie-length adventure in this week's TERRIFIC Submariner is also deeply involved with the X-men in the tension-staggering saga that's currently causing everyone to rave about FANTASTIC! You can't say we don't keep our Super-Heroes busy!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There's still time to buy a Hulk T-Shirt—but only if you hurry, hurry, hurry for a SMASH! Within its pages you'll find the precious coupon! That's it, frantic ones. Or as Alf said before he left, "Hasta la Vista, Amigos!"

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE

BRRM! BRRM! JIM CLARK'S IN THE LEAD - HE TAKES A CORNER AT EIGHTY MILES PER HOUR AND RACES UP THE STRAIGHT!

MUST PRACTISE! I'M HAVING A RACE WITH BILLY BROWN THIS AFTERNOON AND THAT LITTLE TWERP ALWAYS BEATS ME!

OH, NO! IT'S CRASHED!

COO! THERE'S CAR RACING ON TELLY TODAY — MAYBE I CAN PICK UP A FEW TIPS!

GOODY! THE COMMERCIALS ARE STILL ON - I HAVEN'T MISSED THE START OF THE RACE

COO CAR RACING I'D LOVE A GO AT THAT!

USE FRYO NON-STICK FRYING-PANS - THEY'RE A KNOCKOUT! NEH! NEH! SNIGGER!

BLAT!

UGH!

BRRM! BRRM! JACK BRABHAM'S IN THE LEAD OH BOY! THIS IS MORE FUN THAN ADVERTISING STUPID FRYING-PANS!

W WHERE AM I?

OH HECK! IT'S SHOT OFF THE TRACK!

WHEEE!

OH NO! HE'S SMASHED ONE OF MY CARS HE'S WORSE THAN ME!

WAA-AAH! I'LL NEVER BEAT BILLY NOW - THE CAR WILL HARDLY GO!

TIME I GOT BACK IN, I THINK! GULP!

HELP! THE RACING'S ON - AND A BLOOMING CAR'S GONE OFF THE TRACK AND COME IN HERE!

GOSH! IT'S JIM CLARK! BUT HE CAN'T STAY HERE! WHAT IF DAD COMES? GULP!

YEOW! I'VE JUST HAD A WHOPPER OF AN IDEA – I'LL BEAT BILLY BROWN YET!
I'LL JUST SIT HERE SO HE CAN'T GET BACK IN AND ANY TIME NOW
HELP! LET ME BACK IN – WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
HO! HO! IT'S WORKING! HE'S SHRINKING BACK TO TELLY SIZE!
YOU'RE GOING TO RACE FOR ME NOW BILLY BROWN WILL NEVER KNOW HEH HEH!
COO! THIS MIGHT BE FUN!
LATER
READY?
READY! READY TO BEAT YOU AGAIN!
HUM! HE'S BEATING ME BY A MILE. LOOK AT HIS CAR GO!
OH BOY! JUST LOOK AT HIM TAKE THOSE CORNERS!
HEH! HEH!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH! — you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

To *SMASH!*,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

When I read a comic, I like to sit down and read it all through without having to miss out a story because I do not consider it worth reading. In other comics, I quite often read only two or three stories because all the other stories are utter rubbish in my opinion.

With **SMASH** I can sit down and read all the stories, and enjoy them all, save perhaps 'The Legend Testers'.

I like the 'Hulk' very much and 'Mr. Knowall's Page' for I think some of the tricks on Mr. Knowall's Page are really very amusing, clever, and interesting, and they are great fun, too, to do.

Apart from 'Hulk' my favourite features in **SMASH** are 'The Swots and The Blots', 'Ronnie Rich' and 'The Nerve', but all the others are **GREAT**, too.

P.S. I had the very first issue of **SMASH** and I still think it is the best comic out.

Richard Preston,
Walton-on-the-Hill, Stafford.

● *Wonder what those Brand X Editors who read our golden pages will think of this one!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I can now say that your comic is perfect, if you keep everything that you have got in Issue No. 55. Although I don't know how you can have the Hulk looking for the fiend that killed his friend and then in Issue No. 56 have him doing something else.

Nevertheless, your comic is superb.

P.S. I don't know why I'm writing this letter seeing the million to one chance it won't be printed.

P.P.S. Why do people put P.P.S. when they could fit it on the end of the P.S.? If you don't print this letter I shall start reading 'shhhhh, you know what...'

Christopher Morgan,
Rugby.

● *Hold on, Tiger! Ol' Greenskin's very first act in Ish 56 is . . . well—here's a picture to remind you.*

P.S. By courtesy of Mr. Knowall . . . P.S. is the abbreviation of Postscript which means an afterthought. So your Post Postscript is a further afterthought.

P.P.S. Don't thank us—it's all part of the service.

Alf and Cos.

THEY KILLED FRED! KILLED MAN WHO HE RED NUKE? I MAKE THEM PAY!
THIS IS AN ENORMOUS LUMBERING LEVIATHAN THE HEAVILY ARMED POWERHOUSE LUMBERS IN INTO THE PATH OF THE HEAVILY ARMED TANKS

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have been reading **SMASH** ever since it came out to Australia and I think it is a smash hit. One bad thing about **SMASH**, **WHAM**, **EAGLE** and other comics printed in England is that the competitions have closed before they reach us. I did love our countries. I hope you print this in **SMASH**.

P.S. I have not seen anyone from Australia write to you, so let me be the first one.

P.P.S. — Please!!!

Craig Bullams,
Barmera, South Australia

● *Come to think of it, Sport, we've never seen anyone from Australia write to us either. But we get their letters all right.*

Alf and Cos.

FREE THUNDERBIRDS MODELS IN KELLOGG'S SUGAR SMACKS

THUNDERBIRD 1

Scott Tracy flies at up to 15,000 miles per hour in Thunderbird 1.

THUNDERBIRD 2

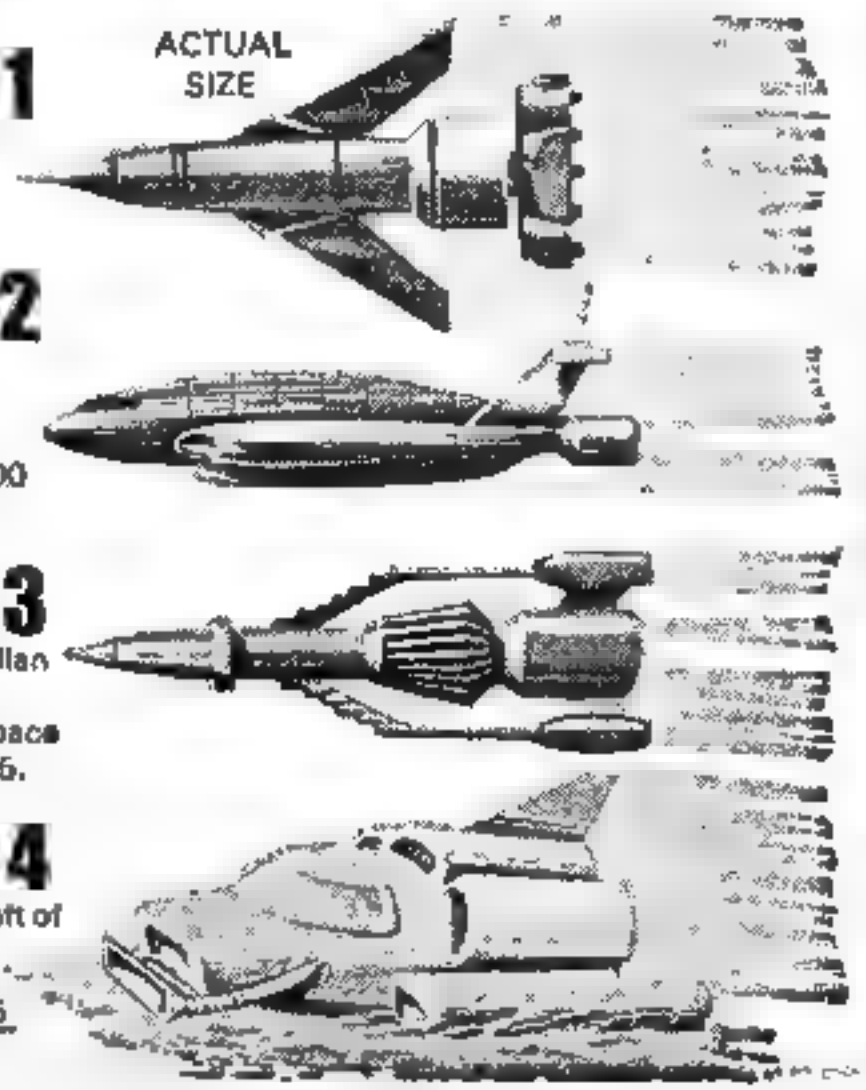
International Rescue's gigantic heavy rescue vehicle. It is piloted by Virgil Tracy at up to 5,000 miles per hour.

THUNDERBIRD 3

The space rocket that Allan Tracy pilots to the International Rescue Space Monitor—Thunderbird 5.

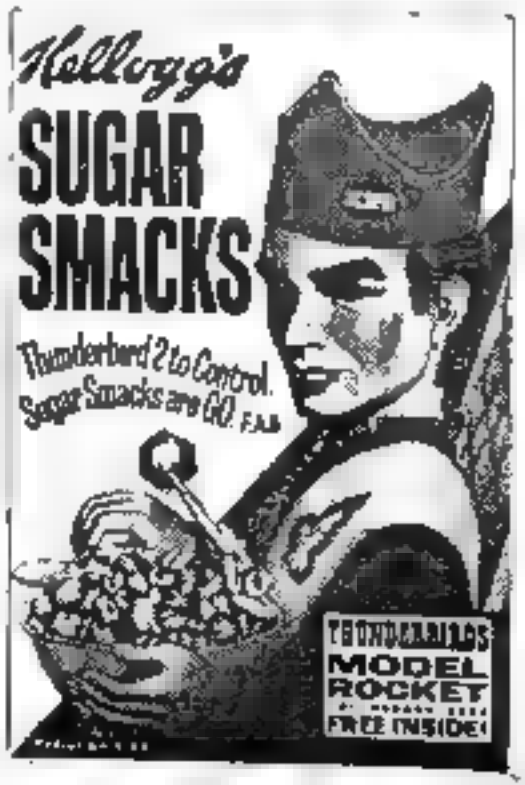
THUNDERBIRD 4

The fast underwater craft of Gordon Tracy. It is carried to the rescue scene by Thunderbird 2.



Easy kits in red, blue, yellow and green plastic. There's one inside every packet. Here they are actual size.

TAKE OFF AND START COLLECTING ALL FOUR



THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

THE EXPLORERS—BUT, OH, TO MEET

HELP

DON'T MIND DEIRDRE, SHE GETS A BIT EXCITED SOMETIMES. WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

I'VE BEEN SENT TO HELP YOU!

YOU!

HELP!

WE'VE HEARD OF WHISTLING TO

BAE

TO BE CONTINUED

IT'S 'RULE BRITANNIA'—AND

THIS IS NO TIME FOR ROMANCE! THAT'S AN S.O.S.

CHARGE!

BUT THEIR BOATS ARE UNDER WATER!

WE'LL DIVE FOR 'EM

KEEN MOSQUITOES WILL BE EATEN ALIVE!

SUCH VILE INSECTS ARE FAR BELOW THE VEGETARIANS!

MUNCH!

WHO EVER HEARD OF ELEPHANTS BUNGLE OUT OF THIS FOR SOME MOVIE!

THANKS MATES

OUR PLEASURE VERY TASTY BODY!

I SAY YOU ARE CLEVER BUNGLE!

MY HERO KISS!

WOW!

WOW HE DOESN'T MIND MY BIG EARS AND GET THE BIG WAY DOESN'T ANY-BODY LOVE ME?

CROCODILE TEARS!

THANKS! JUST SOME MORE OVER!

THANKS OLD CHAP BY THE WAY WAS THAT A HELICOPTER WE HEARD EARLIER?

BACK TO EARTH!

THEY'LL NEVER FIND WHERE WE'VE HIDDEN IT COME ON!

IT'S ALL UNDER HERE GASP!

OH NO IT'S GONE!

GOOLE MUST HAVE GOT IT

BUT MAYBE THE NATIVES TOOK IT!

PUFF! PANT OH DEAR - HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE!

YOU SOON WILL BUNGLE

WOW! I'VE FOUND A CLUE!

BORIS'S GRANNY'S KNITTING NEEDLE!

OUR CLEVER HERO SOON DEDUCES THAT GOOLES THE CULPRIT!

THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR THE TREASURE'S HEAVY AND THEIR COPTERS OUT OF ORDER WE'LL SOON CATCH THEM UP!

THAT'S WHAT'S WORRYING ME

IT MIGHT BE GIANT

WHAT'S THAT?

BOO BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

NATIVE JOT-MO THE NATIVES MUST BE CELEBRATING SOMETHING!

OUR INTREPID TRIO FOLLOW THEIR EARS AND

GOODIE GOOLE DON'T GET FAR THE NATIVES HAVE GOT HIM!

COME ON LET'S GRAB THE TREASURE!

TOW!

YEEK!

SSSH! WE DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT!

GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE SO WE WON'T BOTHER TO SHOW YOU

YE-OW-OW

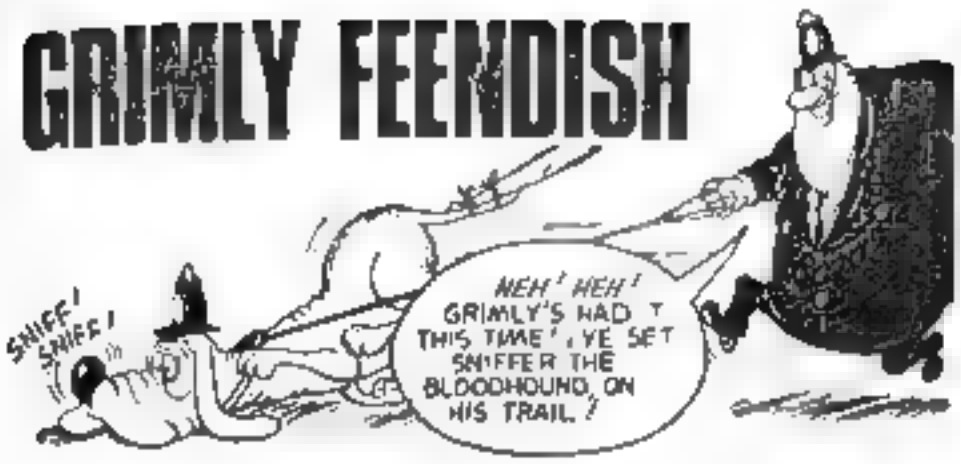
HA HA! BET YOU BOT IT WRONG!

YOU'RE DONE FOR THIS TIME, BUNGLE! THE NATIVES THINK I'M A GOD!

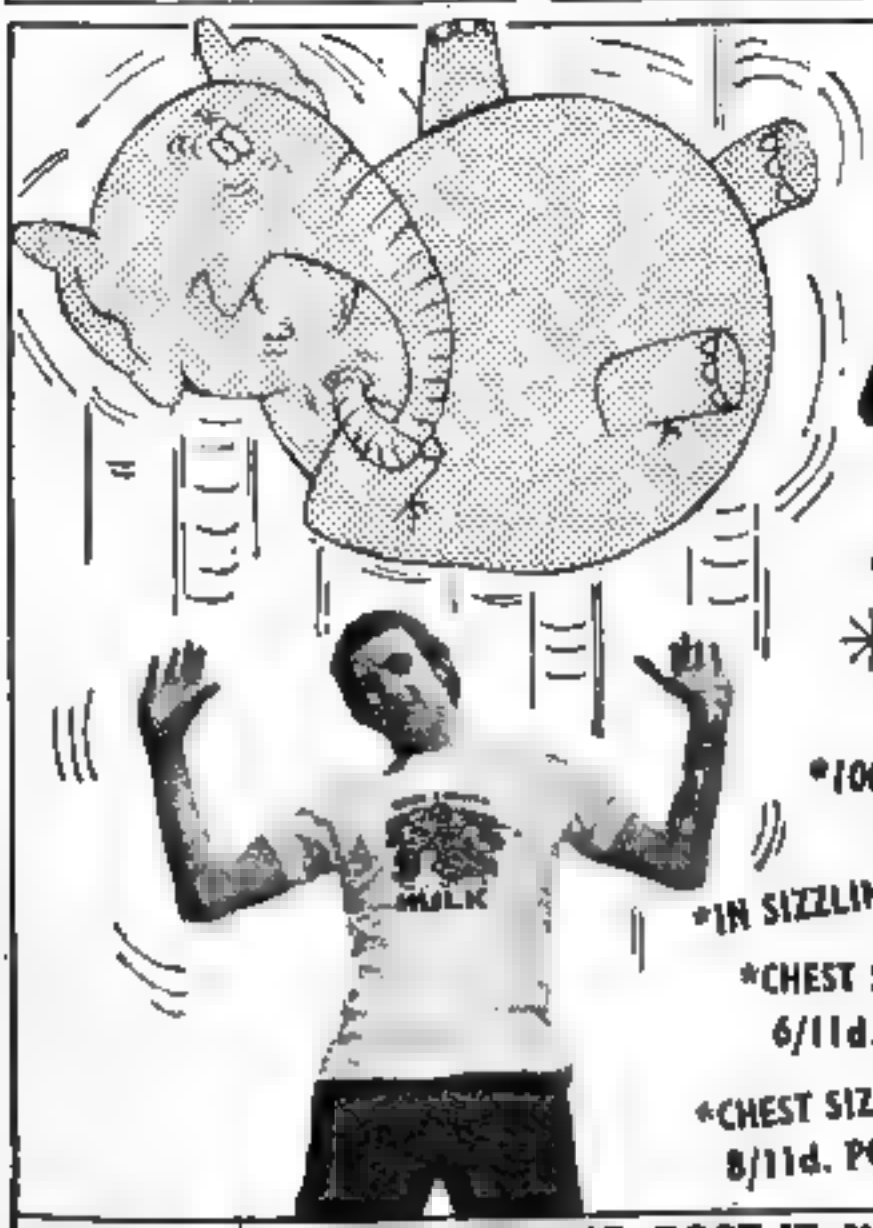
BAH! ROTTEN OL ALF AND COB! DON'T THEY KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO WIN?

NEXT WEEK - BUNGLE REALLY GETS THE POINT...

GRIMLY FEENDISH



A HULK T-SHIRT CAN WORK WONDERS FOR ANYONE—



EVEN YOU!

* * *

*100% COTTON . . .

*IN SIZZLING HULK COLOUR . . .

*CHEST SIZES 28/30/32— 6/11d. POST FREE

*CHEST SIZES 34/36/38— 8/11d. POST FREE

PRIVILEGE ORDER FORM

TO SMASH, Dept. S.M.1ª, Rochester X, Kent.

Please send me the Incredible Hulk T-Shirt(s) as described.

Chest Sizes 28, 30, 32 in. Price 6s. 11d.
Chest Sizes 34, 36, 38 in. Price 8s. 11d.
Both Prices Post Free

SIZES 28 30 32 34 36 38
No. req'd

Total number req'd.

I enclose Cheque / P.O. No. Value

Remittance must be by postal order or cheque, crossed /& Co./ and made payable to ODHAMS PRESS LTD.

NAME (Block letters)
ADDRESS

SIZES 28 30 32 34 36 38
No. req'd Total No. req'd

NAME (Block Letters)
ADDRESS (Block Letters)

(from SMASH, Dept. S.M.1ª, Rochester X, Kent

PLEASE CUT NEATLY ALONG BROKEN LINE

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND POST IT WITH YOUR REMITTANCE TO: SMASH, DEPT. S.M.1ª, ROCHESTER X, KENT

PLEASE CHECK THAT BOTH PARTS OF COUPON ARE COMPLETED.

We regret that this offer is not open to readers overseas. Eire readers will be liable for the payment of any Customs or Import Duties which may be levied.

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

SO IT'S TRUE! THERE REALLY ARE SUCH THINGS AS METAL MEN!

WATCH THEIR HANDS, DANNY! THEY DON'T NEED ANY WEAPONS! THEY CAN SEND OUT SOME SORT OF STUN RAY WITH THEIR FINGERS!

WE DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO KEEP YOU IN THE DARK! WE JUST HAD TO LET YOU SEE FOR YOURSELVES EXACTLY WHAT ROLLO AND DANNY ARE GOING TO BE UP AGAINST IN THIS, THE MOST SENSATIONAL SERIES OF HAPPENINGS THAT HAS EVER BEFALLEN THEM

THE LEGEND TESTERS AND THE METAL MEN!

BUT TO START OUR STORY WE MUST JOIN ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS IN THE FORTIETH CENTURY CENTRAL HADRON MUSEUM

THE ONLY TIME YOU EVER SEND FOR US CHIEF, IS WHEN YOU'VE GOT A JOB LINED UP. WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?

AFTER THOSE FUN AND GAMES WITH THE KING OF THE BEASTS I CAN FACE **ANY-THING!**

I WANT A TEST MADE ON THIS

WHAT'S IT? IT'S SOME SORT OF METAL — BUT NOT A METAL I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE

IT'S A METAL ENTIRELY UNKNOWN ON THIS EARTH

LET ME GUESS — IT HAS A LEGEND ATTACHED TO IT! RIGHT?

RIGHT THE LEGEND OF THE **METAL MEN!**

THE **METAL MEN!** WHO IN THE NAME OF SANITY WERE **THEY?**

THAT'S FOR YOU TO FIND OUT! THAT IS — IF THEY EVER **DID** EXIST!

AND SO THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE BEGINS! LATER THAT DAY ROLLO AND DANNY ENTER THE MUSEUM'S INCREDIBLE TIME CHAMBER — TAKING WITH THEM THE PIECE OF STRANGE UNIDENTIFIABLE METAL

GOOD LUCK

THANKS — WE'LL SOON KNOW WHETHER OR NOT THERE'S ANY-THING SPECIAL ABOUT THAT PIECE OF SCRAP IRON!

THE OPERATOR THROWS THE MASTER SWITCH

AND WITHIN THE TIME CHAMBER A SUBTLE CHANGE TAKES PLACE. ROLLO AND DANNY HAVE THE SENSATION OF MOTION WITHOUT MOVEMENT...

IT'S HAPPENING, DANNY! WE'RE GOING BACK IN TIME!

THAT MEANS THERE'S **TRUTH** IN THE LEGEND! THE METAL MEN **DID** EXIST AT SOME TIME IN THE PAST! AND WE'LL BE MEETING THEM.

BECAUSE OF THE INGENIOUS CONSTRUCTION OF THE TESTING CHAMBER, IF THE PIECE OF METAL HAD **NOT** BEEN AUTHENTIC, ROLLO AND DANNY WOULD **NOT** HAVE BEEN TRANSPORTED BACK THROUGH TIME—ACCURATE ALF!

FASTER AND FASTER, THEY WHIRL BACK THROUGH TIME, UNTIL THEY REACH THE AGE IN HISTORY WHEN THE METAL MEN WALKED THE EARTH...

3123 A.D.
1973 A.D.
2023 A.D.

BUT LET US RACE AHEAD OF THE LEGEND TESTERS—TO A VILLAGE IN CENTRAL EUROPE, SOME TIME IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY...

MERCY UPON US! IT'S ONE OF THE **STARS FALLEN** OUT OF THE HEAVENS!

I SENSE **EVIL**! TAKE THE CHILDREN INTO THE HOUSE, WOMAN!

THE CAUSE OF THE TERROR THAT HAS GRIPPED THE SIMPLE VILLAGERS HANGS IN THE SKY ABOVE THEM! A STRANGE SHAPE... **MOTIONLESS AND MENACING!**

IT'S AN OMEN—THAT'S WHAT IT IS! SOMETHING TRULY TERRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN HERE!

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, **THE LEGEND TESTERS APPEAR**...FOR THEIR JOURNEY BACK THROUGH THE YEARS HAS ENDED AT THIS LONELY PLACE AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT IN TIME...

AH...! DID I NOT WARN YOU? **LOOK THERE!**

ONLY WARLOCKS POSSESSED OF EVIL POWERS COULD HAVE APPEARED FROM NOWHERE IN THIS FASHION!

SEIZE THEM! HOLD THEM FAST!

IT'S NO USE, DANNY! THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM—AND THEY'RE NOT IN THE MOOD TO LISTEN TO REASON!

SET STAKES IN THE GROUND! BRING KINDLING WOOD!

THE ONLY SURE WAY TO DESTROY A *WARLOCK* IS TO *BURN* HIM!

THE FRIGHTENED VILLAGERS WORK LIKE DEMONS...AND SOON THE PREPARATIONS ARE COMPLETE...

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! WE ONLY CAME HERE TO LOOK FOR METAL MEN—

HEAR HIM! HE SPEAKS OF MEN MADE OF METAL! DOES THAT NOT PROVE HE IS A *WARLOCK*?

NEXT INSTANT, A BRAND IS TOSSED ON TO THE HEAPED WOOD...

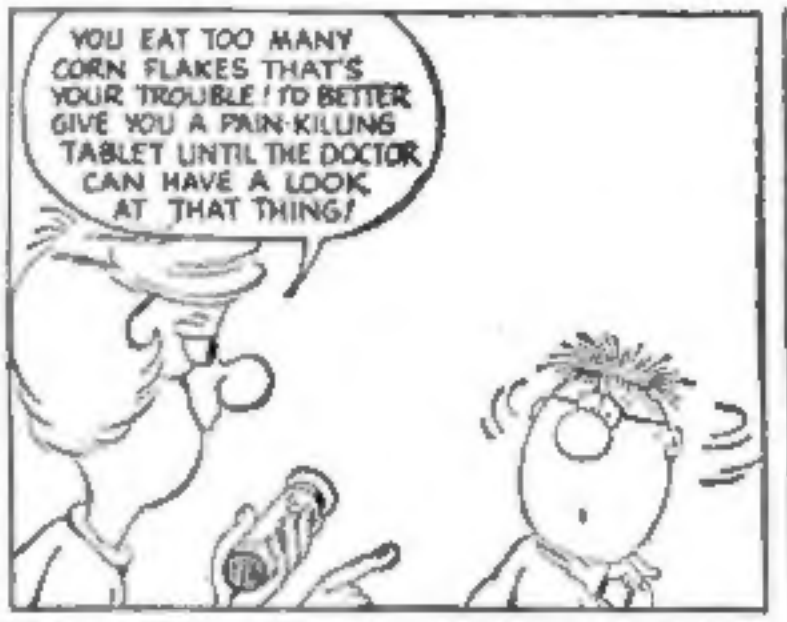
THEY'RE REALLY GOING TO DO IT! THEY'RE GOING TO BURN US ALIVE!

AND THE LEGEND TESTERS ARE LOST TO SIGHT AS FLAMES ROAR UP AROUND THEM...

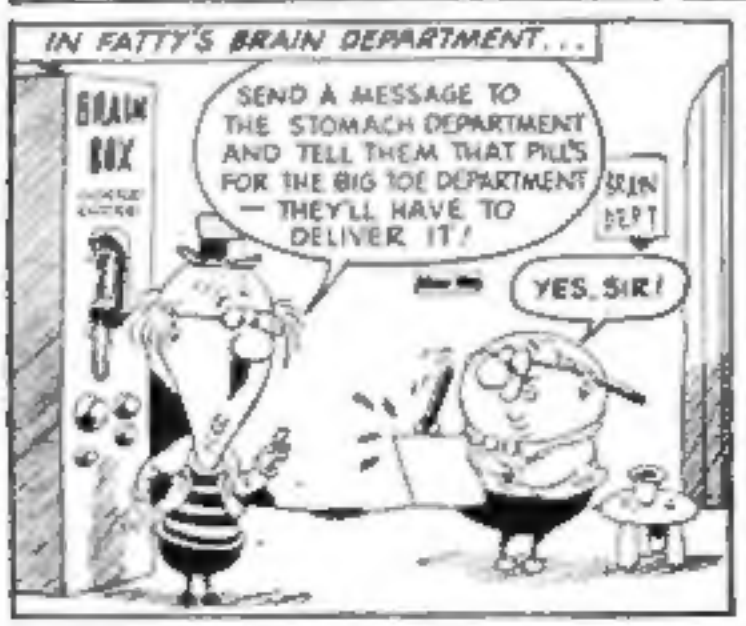
NEXT ISH: **THE MEN OF METAL!**

THE NERVS

OOH! OOH! THAT CORN'S KILLING ME! OOH!
THROB!
THROB!

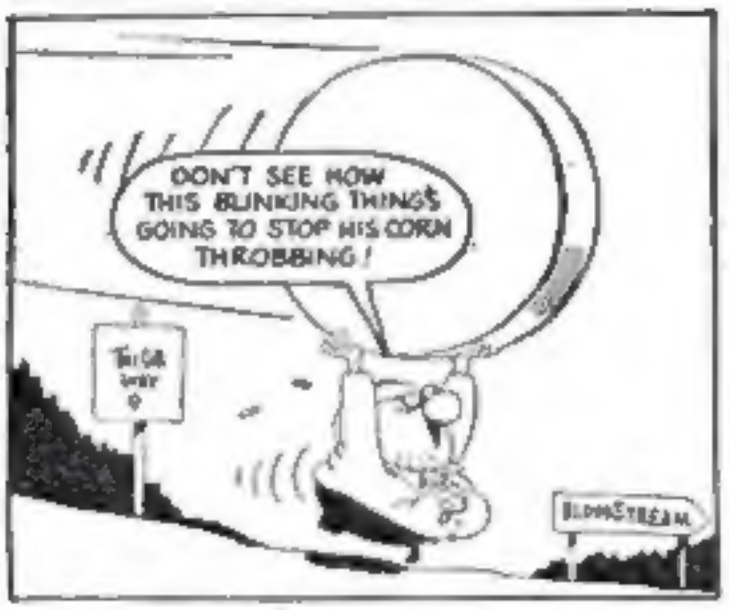

YOU EAT TOO MANY CORN FLAKES THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE! I'D BETTER GIVE YOU A PAIN-KILLING TABLET UNTIL THE DOCTOR CAN HAVE A LOOK AT THAT THING!

OOH! THE PAIN! THE PAIN!
SHUT UP AND GET IT DOWN, YOU BIG BABY!

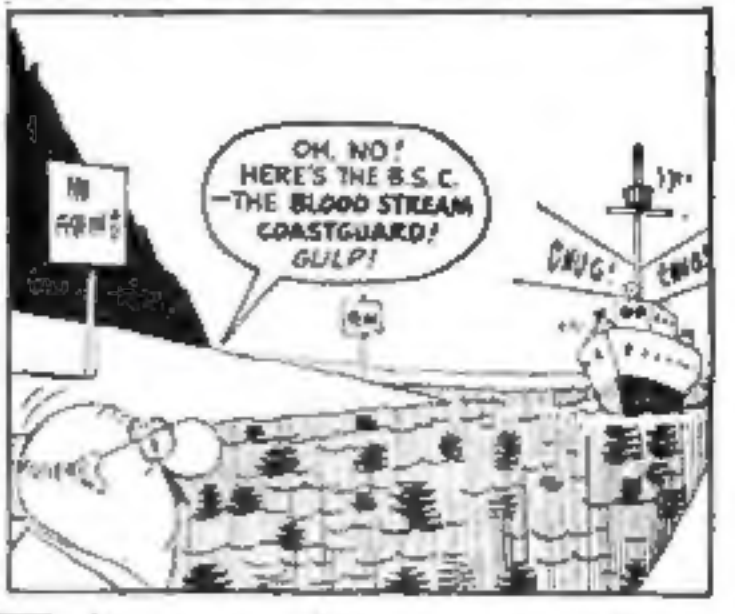

IN FATTY'S BRAIN DEPARTMENT...
BRAIN BOX
SEND A MESSAGE TO THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT AND TELL THEM THAT PILL'S FOR THE BIG TOE DEPARTMENT — THEY'LL HAVE TO DELIVER IT!
BRAIN DEPT
YES, SIR!

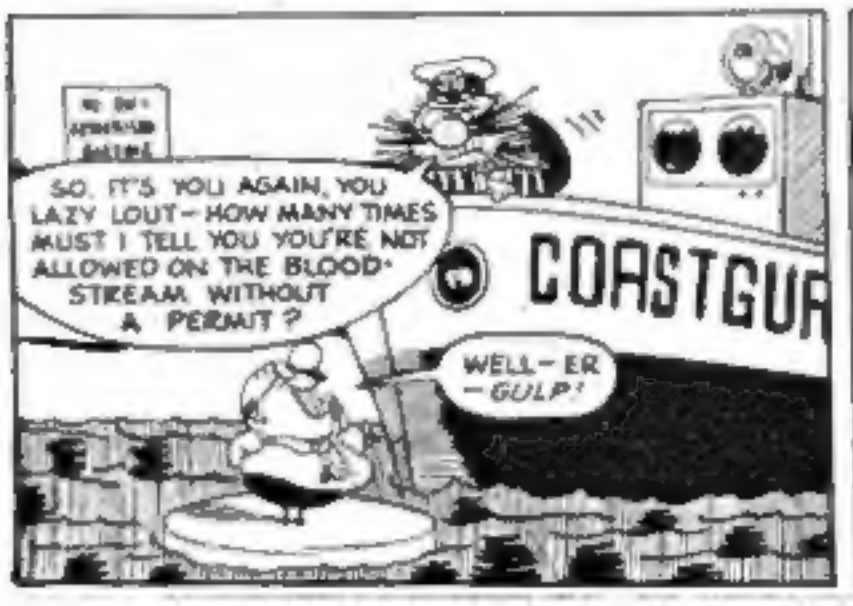
MINUTES LATER...
COOEE! ANYONE AT HOME?

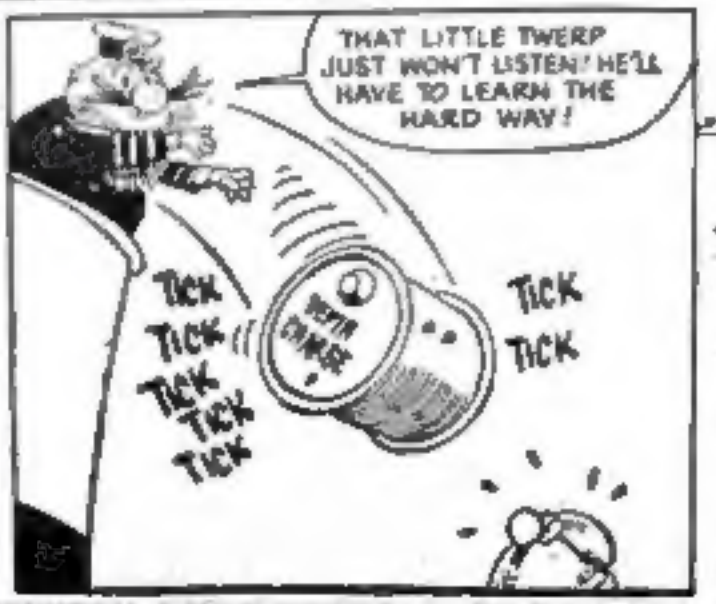
BAH! SO THAT'S WHO THIS IS FOR! ANOTHER BLOOMING LONG WALK!
DON'T BLAME ME! I'M ONLY THE TELEGRAM BOY!


DON'T SEE HOW THIS BLINKING THING'S GOING TO STOP HIS CORN THROBBING!
BLOODSTREAM

I'M BLOWED IF I'M GOING TO CARRY THIS THING ALL THE WAY — I'LL LET IT CARRY ME!
BLOOD STREAM


OH, NO! HERE'S THE B.S.C. — THE BLOOD STREAM COASTGUARD! GULP!
CHUG! CHUG!


SO, IT'S YOU AGAIN, YOU LAZY LOUT — HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED ON THE BLOOD-STREAM WITHOUT A PERMIT?
COASTGUA
WELL — ER — GULP!


THAT LITTLE TWERP JUST WON'T LISTEN! HE'LL HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY!
TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK
TICK TICK

AND DON'T COME BACK IN HERE AGAIN — OR I'LL CLAP YOU IN IRONS!
BOOM

WHEE!

SPLAT!

BLOOD STREAM

HEH! HEH! THEY'VE GONE - NOW TO GET BACK IN! SNIGGER!

ACTION STATIONS, SIR! TUBBY TUM NERV IS ENTERING THE BLOODSTREAM AGAIN!

GRRR! IT'S HIGH TIME WE GAVE THAT LITTLE TWERP A GOOD SCARE!

PHSSS!

BOOM!

AAGH! I'VE BEEN SEEN! THEY'VE OPENED FIRE!

BOOM!

CRUNCH!

WHOOOOOSH!

HELP! I WON'T GO IN AGAIN—HONEST! HELP! DON'T SHOOT!

BLOOD STREAM

LATER . . .

FOOT (TOE) DEPT

GASP! HERE'S YOUR PAIN KILLER! GASP!

COO! A PILL WITH A HOLE IN IT! THAT'S UNUSUAL!

THIS CORN'S SWELLING LIKE MAD! IT'LL FLATTEN US IF WE DON'T KEEP IT BACK! GASP!

THROB! THROB!

STAB!

JAB!

STAB!

COO! SO THAT'S HOW FATTY'S CORN IS STABBING — BUT HOW DOES THE PILL HELP?

PHEW! IT CAN'T COME DOWN ANY MORE! THE PILL WILL STOP IT!

WOW! SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE! BRILLIANT!

AND SO . . .

AAGH! BLISS! THAT PILL'S STOPPED THE STABBING!

BUT...

OH, NO! IT'S CRACKED! THAT HOLE IN THE MIDDLE MUST HAVE WEAKENED IT!

CRACK!

GRRR! BACK! BACK!

STAB!

BAH! WE'RE BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED!

AAGH! NO! IT'S OFF AGAIN! THAT PAIN KILLER DIDN'T LAST A MINUTE!

STAB! STAB!

FUNNY — IT WORKS WITH EVERYBODY ELSE!

AND IN THE BIG TOE DEPARTMENT . . .

GRRR! YOU SILLY CLOT WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING A PILL WITHOUT A HOLE IN IT?

HELP! HELP!

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